Then former ſorrowes made me.
Mr. Oh kinde Wife, be comforted,
One ioy is yet vnmurdered,
You haue a boy at Nurſe, your ioye's in him.
wife. Dearer then all is my poore husbands life:
Heauen giue my body ſtrength, which yet is faint
With much expence of blood, and I will kneele,
Sue for his life, number vp all my friends,
To plead for pardon for my deare husbands life?
Mr. Was it in man to wound ſo kinde a creature?
Ile euer praiſe a woman for thy ſake.
I muſt returne with griefe, my anſwer's ſet,
I ſhall bring newes weighes heauier then the debt.
Two brothers; one in bond lies ouerthrowne,
This, on a deadlier execution.

FINIS.